

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Flavor Man"

[Intro:]

Yeah that's right we gon' take this all the way back to the top kid
That's right boy, ha ha, hit your man off
AWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWW-YEAH YEAH~!
Flavor Flav is back, with the hottest track
Y'knahmsayin kid!

[Chorus: x8]

Flavor, Flavor, Flavor Man

[Flavor - over Chorus:]

What... yeah! WHAT... yeah!
What... yeah! WHOAHHHHHHHHH-HOOO!!!

[Flavor Flav:]

For all you motherfuckers who think I fell off
I'm Flavor Flav nigga, I'm still the boss~!
Go, live, king, throw live
I live Uptown in the Bronx, gimme a hi-five
Yankee Stadium is where I'm from
We get up over beats and then we beat the drum
Born and raised in Freeport, Long Island
(What) We keep 'em smilin
South Freeport, get down
That's where my family is found
After dark, just gimme a spark
Go to Jones Beach, get on the back of a shark
Have him take me down to Florida
I'm the flyest nigga down in Florida
Gimme the mic, move over, I'm takin this shit
I'm back in control, gimme your soul
Check it out - make room for daddy! (What)
Before I have to get the belt (what)
Beat your ass all the way back to the felt (what)
Make you do the wop
Shimmy shimmy go go pop

[Chorus]

[Flavor - over Chorus:]

What... who! What... who!
What... who! What... who!
What... who! What... who!
What, who!

[Flavor Flav:]

I'm fakin no moves and fakin no jax

Flavor Flav is back on the dome relax
I push all the buttons around this bitch
I'ma go get money from Bill Gates, get rich
So I can build me a psycho-loft
So I can go psycho with my Micro-soft
Flavor Windows is the new invention
Colorful windows to get the attention
(Knock knock) Flavor Flav is eatin with Bill Gates
Bill, had to have a certain flavor
To have the highest, bank rates in the world
(Word up) But he don't stand alone
Joey Fatone, is in my bones
Jackie Hamilton, dollar bill
Sittin real high on Capitol Hill

[Chorus]

[Flavor - over Chorus:]
What... who! What... who!
What... who! What... yeah!
What... yeah! What... yeah!
Who, yeah!!

[Flavor Flav:]
Knock knock baby!

[Chorus - 1/2]

[Flavor - over Chorus:]
What... who! What... who!
What... who! What... who!

[Flavor Flav - ad libbing:]
What... knock knock
Knock knock, knock knock
Knock knock, knock knock
Knock knock, knock knock right here at your door
Givin you more of what you bargained for
Flavor Flav - back in your face
Mess with my kids and I'll catch a case
Y'knahmsayin, I ain't playin
It's all in the message I'm relayin
Right here in DeVante's studio
That's where I'm sayin, that's right
All the way to Penn Station, Jackson Station and the nation
Feature your generation, yo Flavor Flav is out
Two steps automatic and I'm out kid